

SIGNAL  
DANGERS  
AND  
DELIVERANCES  
Both by  
LAND and SEA:  
Comprehending a short Account of the Raising of the  
SIEGE  
OF  
VIENNA.

One of the most Memorable in this  
last Age.

TOGETHER  
With a Description of a Violent TEMPEST on the  
F O R T H,

---

In two small POEMS by the same Hand.

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Re-printed in the Year 1685.

SIGNAL

DANGERS

DELIVERANCES

Compendium of the American Office of Railroads

STATION

VALLEY

One of the most important works of the

When Decided

and

In two parts

Re-printed in 1858

( 3 )

THE  
**SIEGE** and **BATTEL**  
OF  
**VIENNA,**

BEING,

A short Description of the SALLYS of the DE-  
FENDANTS, the Breaking up of the SIEGE;  
The ROUT of the VIZIER, and the whole  
OTTOMAN ARMY: By the Prodigious,  
and Prosperous VALOUR, of the Great, and  
Glorious KING of POLAND: (well worthy  
being GENERAL of the Forces, of all  
CHRISTENDOM, against these Infidels, )  
upon the 12. day of September, 1683.

*To the Tone of Armida;*

I.

**B** Ase Apostate Rebel, Count TEKLY by Name,  
All CHRISTENDOMS Scandal, PROTES-  
( TANTS shame:  
To had his IMPERIAL Land-lord, new Work,  
Divorc'd all Religion, stricks match with the TURK:  
Quits Cross for a Crescent; the Sun for the Moon;  
The Truth for a Turbant; takes Mecha for Rome.

P aunds



Paunds his Grace, and his GOD, and each glorious thing,  
For the Nickname, and Noise of a Titular KING.

Thrulls his Head, (in a dread of the EMPERORS harms,)  
In the Dev's own Bosom, an Infidels Arms;  
Whose two hundred thousand, laid Siege to VIEN:  
Which nine Weeks was kept by fifteen thousand men  
This huge torrent of Turks, all bristled with steel,  
In manure their numbers, brave Sallies did feel.  
For in all their Assaults, they found still to their Costs,  
Their Armies, unequal to our LORD of Hosts.

III.  
O'er Bulwarks, and Ravines and Rumparts, and Works,  
O'er Ditches and Trenches, and Trenchants of Turks,  
O'er Fields clad with Iron, Floors glittering with Steel;  
O'er Cannons, and Bombs, Granados that reel:  
Throw Hailstones of Bullets, and Tempests of Fire,  
Throw Mists and Scalds, Smoak, Sweat, and Desire:  
Throw Dangers, and Deaths thousand Horrors, and Frights,  
Bold Hearts, make brave Hands, with sharp Swords cut them  
(Wages.

IV.  
Yet th' Valiant Defendants, with stout Starembergs,  
Whose Merit surmounteth a Glory that's large,  
With Famine, and Watching, Wounds, Harrows, and Toils,  
Each spent to shadow, puts ten Turks to Foil.  
These Muses dread trying Angels at Death,  
Such seem'd these Ghosts, meagre'd with cleanness of Teeth.  
All at point of being starved, or stormed, or yeald!  
Their Sign bids brave POLZKI, and Lorrain take Field.



## II V

Attacking the *Viziers* Quarters, so hot!  
 That he fled, with his Horse, and expos'd his Foot:  
 When *Starnberg* the *Tutelar* Glory comes up,  
 With some five thousand Ghosts yet alive of his Troop;  
 In a trice, many thousands of *Turbans* Dance rounds,  
 And the *Red Cross* is sign'd on *Mahometans* Crowns.  
 The *Eagle* and *Ostrich*, bath both in one Flood,  
 Huge *Rivers*, and *Seas*, of the *Musleman* Blood.

## VI

The GLORY of *Roland*, had twice been before,  
 His *Victorious* Shadow, in *Ottoman* Gore:  
 A *Mirror*, wherein (if a wish, *GOD* grant mine)  
 All *CHRIST'NDOMS* *Monarchs*, their *Swords* may see  
 Shine:  
 Each *Christian* Blow, deals some one *Turk* a Death,  
 And rids his black Soul of its rank *Onion* Breath.  
 Dooms day which the *Turks* call a day of deceit,  
 They now see and feel in their total defeat.

## VII.

Heaven's *Tutelar* ANGELS of *Glory* come down,  
 But their dread noise of *Drums*, the *Trampers* voice drown.  
 Their shining *Swords* light'n, loud *Cannons* do roar  
 And thunder the *Turks*, both behind and before!  
 The dark *Clouds* of *Smoke*, and of *Dust* doth arise!  
 And thick *Shaws* of *Lead*, dropping *Blood* blinds their *Eyes*:  
 Huge *flashes* of *Fire*, a sulphurous smell,  
 Tell the *Turks* to their *Noses* how near they re to Hell.

## Y

## VIII.

## VIII.

Proud Nighings of Horses ! yad Rattlings of Arms,  
 Cross'd Banners display'd, pierce their Souls with Alarms.  
 Their Hearts, Hands, and Swords shake and tremble apace,  
 Pale Pale Primes their Brows with confusion of Face !  
 The groans of the Dying, the falls of the Dead ;  
 Loud shouts of the Victors, wide Wounds gushing Blood !  
 The flights of the Cowards, the preass of the Strong,  
 Makes Death deal all Shapes of Amusement, in throng !

## IX.

\* AR.  
 The Name  
 of GOD  
 beginning  
 the Turkish  
 Prayers.

These Turk slaying Angels, rend Heav'n with a shout,  
 When the Ottoman Host's all at once put to rout :  
 Their Scimitars droop, and their Masquets let fall !  
 Quick Death leaves no respite to say their last \* All —  
 While they stagger, fall, sprawl, and they die by degrees,  
 By whole Regiments at once, of their Cheats old Disease.  
 In vain to their Rescue, their Prophets bid come :  
 With their dying looks aim'd toward Mahomets Tomb.

## X.

The stout King of Poland, with's wing-flying Horse,  
 Doth Charge, fight, and Wheel, with a Whirlwinds force.  
 They Curves, they Prance, and they Stamp in the quick  
 The Mahometans Souls, throw the Earth to old Nick ;  
 And Starbergs bold Ghosts, strow Fields, Posts and Trenches,  
 With the Janizars Hides, and Timariots Paunches.  
 They leap o're the Lines, and they skip o're the Ditches,  
 And whip their revenge on the Turks naked Breeches.

## XI.

Duke *Lorrain*, Prince *Waldeck*, do many brave *Feats*,  
 At the *East* of the *Court*, and before the *Scots Gate*,  
*Dispatching* with speed, many thousand blind *Souls*,  
 To *Ma'mets* apartment in *Hell*, by vast *Shoals*:  
 They trip to their *Prophet* the speedier way,  
 And tell him for *News*! 'tis the **CHRISTIANS DAY**.  
*Camp*, *Cannon*, *Tents*, *Treasure's* their *Valors* just *Prey*,  
 A *Plague* on base **TECKLEY**! may both the **SIDES** say.

## XII.

All **CHRISTENDOMS** Triumph, the *Walls* of *Vien*,  
 Sound this **GLORY** of **KINGS**, that *Wonder* of *Men*;  
*Fame*, *Prowess*, and *Trophees*, loud *Praise*, and rai'd *Songs*,  
 To *Polands* great **PRINCE**, and brave *Starberg* belongs.  
*Home Vizier*! and tell thy proud *Sultans* rude *Boasts*,  
 And *Blasphemies* heard by the **LORD GOD** of *Hosts*.  
 To whom our *Souls* offer the *Calves* of our *Lips*,  
 That our *Sun* shines in **GLORY** their *Moon's* in **ECCLIPSE**.

## XIII.

If *Christendoms Monarchs*, would ruine the *Turk*?  
 Their ten thousand a piece, might do all the great work:  
 And of each lesser **PRINCE**, *Republick*, *Hans-Towns*,  
 Ten *Collours* of *Foot*; with ten *Troops* of *Dragoons*:  
 Would these by next *March*, march at once to the *Field*,  
 Glad *Victims* to **GOD**; Joy to *Man* it would yield:  
 This *Year*, which our *Era* computes eighty three!  
 The last of the *Turkish* **HIGIR A** should be.  
*Dea, Regi, & Ecclesiae.*



XI.

Duke Lewis, Prince William, do many brave  
At the fall of the Count, and before the Scots Gate,  
Dispatching with speed, many thousand  
To his quarters in Hall, & all the  
They try to cast forth the  
And tell him for Henry, as the CHRISTIAN DAY.  
Camp, Cannon, Tent, Trench, their  
A Prince as brave TECKLEY, may both the sides lay.

XII.

All CHRISTENDOMS triumph, the walls of Rome  
Sound this GLORY OF KINGS, that wonder of men  
Fame, power, and Treasures, food, and gold, and  
To Poland's great PRINCE, and brave Duke of  
Home, and tell thy proud Britain side  
And dispassionately heard by the LORD GOD of  
To whom our souls offer the sacrifice of our  
That our new things in GLORY shall show in ECLIPSE.

XIII.

At Constantinople, would raise the  
Their walls, and a piece might be all the  
And of each side PRINCE, RASHID, Han-Tow,  
Ten thousand of foot, with ten thousand  
We think by next year, many more to the  
Glad we are to GOD, for to us it would  
This year, which our Art, and our  
The last of the Turkish RIGOR, should be  
Do, King, & Sultan.

THE  
**TEMPEST,**

Between

**BURNT-ISLAND**

And

**LEITH,**

IN A

**B O A T**

Called,

**The BLESSING.**

*In November, 1681.*

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By the same Author.

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Re-printed in the Year 1685.

THE  
FEMPEST

BURNING AND

LEITH

BOAT

THE BLESSING

In November 1881

In the month of April

Reprinted from the



# THE TEMPEST.

BEING

*An ACCOUNT of a dangerous PAS-  
SAGE from BURNT-ISLAND  
to LEITH, in a BOAT called the  
BLESSING: in company of CLA-  
VERHOUSE, several GENTLE-  
WOMEN, MINISTERS, and a whole  
THROG of common Passengers.*

Upon the 26. of *November*, 1681.

**I** Parted from my House, some Hours e're Day, Nov. 25.  
The rising Sun, saw me on Banks of Tay;  
When lo! a rustling surly West-wind blew,  
Whose ev'ry Sigh, white foaming Billows threw  
Like floating Fleeces, and these hoarse Waves Roar,  
A Tempests Eccho; dash'd from Shoar to Shoar:  
No Boat dares pass; and what dare I? but stay;  
For tho the Test bid Sail, the Wind said nay.  
My forced Stay, and better Hap together,  
Bring me t' a Reverend Lord, and Holy Father:  
Who had no sooner tender'd some the Test;

And

And methinks least of all GODS *Servants* blest;  
 When straight, a *Silence* followed in *Heaven*!  
 The *Waters* wrinkled *Visage* looked even  
 Like polished *Marble*; or the smoothest *Mirror*;  
 My *Thoughts* burst *Silence*, midst a holy *Terror*.  
 What sacred *Seer*! *Oaths*! *Benediction's* these!  
 Whom *Heav'n*, *Air*, *Winds*, and *Waves*, and *Seas* obeys!

**N**Ext *Morrows* *Blessing* quite another was! Nov. 26.  
 On *FORTH*, where many *more* and I did pass:  
 No sooner set we *Sail*, on Board the *Blessing*,  
 When *Eolus* set a *Fowlers* Cape on *Fishing*:  
 And while we're scarce *put forth* without the *Heads*,  
*Neptune* spits o're our *Mast*, his *Watry* *Beads*;

**S**ooner then you can *Wink*; the furious *Gale*  
 Like *Shots* unseen, till *Felt*, doth us *Affail*:  
 And what on *Shore* seems but a *Gust* to them;  
 'S to *Us* a *Storm*, might bear a *Tempest's* name.  
 We climb strait *Hills of Seas*! as if we meant  
 To *Invade* the *Heav'ns*; and *Scale* the *Firmament*.  
 And when wee're on the *Waves* steep farther *Breast*,  
 Wee seem to seek the *Center*, for our *Rest*.  
 We *skipp* on *Seas* proud *tops*, as if we *flew*!  
 Anon *plung'd* down, as if *Hells-mouth* we *plew*.  
 A *Watry* *Dust*, the *Foaming* *Billows* raise,  
 Puffing *Rain* upwards; mingling *Clouds* with *Seas*.  
 Each *Monstrous* *Mountain* *Wave*, fill upward *hies*.  
 With *Watry* *Mouth*, to *kiss* and *wet* the *Skies*.  
 And underneath so deep a *rouling* *Pit*,  
 That *Hell's* a shallowness, compar'd to it.

The

**T**he Sea swells *Babel's* up, as if she meant  
 To mingle with *Sea* above the Firmament;  
 Then downward *Rowls*, as if she'd two Desires,  
 To quench *Heav'n's* highest, drown *Hell's* lowest Fires;  
 And, as if *Heav'n*, *Earth*, *Water*, *Air* and *Spheres*,  
 Had (in a meddly) full'n about our Ears  
 The Universe sounds all one Cataract;  
 And Nature seems to *Chafe* at the Crack,  
 The great *Turk's* Guns, would seem to us but *Whispers*,  
 And loudest *Thunders*, to our Noise were *Lispers*:  
*Ratling* of *Arms*, *Drums*, *Trumpets*, *Horses* *nyes*,  
*Loud Shouts* of *Armies* vanquish'd's *Victors* *Cries*!  
*Fire Ships*, sprung *Mines*, *Rom'd* *Cities*, *Awful* *Voices*!  
 Might all strike *Dumb* to our loud *Raring* *Noises*!  
*Thousands* our own *Strikes* were, *Sighs*, *Crys*, *Commands*!  
*Passers* turn *Pilots*, *Sailers* *silent* *stands*,  
 Some *onward*, *backward*, some to *Sea*; the *Dark* *men* *A*  
 Thus floats, great *Babel*, in our little *Ark*,  
 Which serves us now, for *House*, *Church*, *Fortress*, *Beir*,  
 For all the *World*, to us, swims ventur'd here;  
 Now hopes of *Life*, and fears of *Death* take leave;  
 And each proud *Billow*, bids a humble *Grave*.

**W**hen? as if *Earth* sigh'd all her *Intails* out,  
 At her last *Gasp* meant to blow all *Wind* out!  
 It blew, and blew, and roared, and rumbled higher,  
 Then *Heav'n's* with overbreathing were to expire:  
 Sooner than you read this, three *Giant* *Billows*  
 Might Cradled hugest *Whales*, or their *Snow* *Mountains*.



Come on apace: each kept his Time, and Place,  
As if they meant to Draw us with a Force.

**T**he first, came sailing on our Stern broad side,  
And knock'd us twice betwixt her head and stern side;  
But vex'd, that it had brought us no more Disgrace,  
It spurs on us, first in it's Followers Race,  
Like hundred Levathans, in a Stamp,  
Next made's near founder with it's dreadful Thump;  
And we to pacify its angry Bride,  
Yield, Bow, and Fall; and lay upon our Side;

**T**he second, as if from Stern had drain'd her Deck,  
Ran to't our Head, and provok'd at it's Feet;  
A fore Convolvus-sail, now shakes our Ship too late,  
Our Mast an Agave still sits down slip;  
A trembling Belfie seiz'd it, and our Head,  
Drunk with the Waves, in Salt Hydrophobic fold,  
Like half-drown'd Whirls, we're with salt Water choakt;  
A Sport to Winds and Waves, our Barge scarce rights;  
It jogg'd a little, rose at length by Scales;  
Unfit to pluck the Star another Quake;  
Now one go down anew, without remed;  
Had quench'd our Dragg and wreck, and duff'd us Dead;  
We halt a little, then with humbler Sail,  
Twixt Life and Death we scuffle along the Gale;

**W**ell she sail'd, as Dray, and his Scales had <sup>The Skippers</sup> Name,  
No light, but Dark, amidst their watry Trade:

And

And we who *Preach* to all, *Contempt* of *Death*,  
*Tremble* but to *touch* the easiest, softest *Death*;  
 Unlike th' *Apostles*, we *believed* then,  
*Fearing*, *Sea Monsters* *Mouths* might *fish* us *Men*;  
 And *Neptunes Tritons*, ere we *parted* thence,  
 Should *pront* by *Pole*, and *pick* our *Peter-pence*.

*Courage* is still the same on *Land*, at *Sea*,  
 \* He who can *boldly kill*, dares *bravely die*:  
 Yet he whose *Ire* hath *smil'd* on *Seas* of *Blood*,  
 Looks *pale* on *Water*, in his *coolest Mood*,  
*Souldiers* stern *Fire*, *abhorres* the *death* of *Slaves*;  
 It can't *Resist*, nor *Vengeance* wreck on *Waves*.  
*Mars* crops his *Fame*, on *Camps*, *Fields*, *Cities* hie:  
 But what's *ten thousand Swords* against a *Sea*?

\* *Females* fall *flat* and *prone*, if true they say?  
 \* Gentle-  
 women.  
 When *drown'd*, their *Corps* are ever found this *Way*;  
 They ly along on *Hatches*, *Hoodwink'd Face*,  
*Afraid* to *die*, in their own *presence plac'd*.

Thus fall, so ly, the *Horses flat* in *Hould*,  
 Aloft their *Backs*, *pitch-Casks* with *Seas* are rowld;  
*Casks* full and empty, *troul*, *swim*, *justle*, *knocks*,  
*Dash* 'gainst the *Hatches sides*, like *Ships* on *Rocks*.  
*Buckets* and *Pump*, are still *employ'd* in *vain*,  
*Waves* into *Waves* spū'd, we *drink* up again:  
 A *Land* lock't *Plash*, stands *prison'd* in our *Hould*;  
 Which as we *Dance*, the *Waves* doth *joul* and *joul*

Our In-land Gulf, shews in *Eplomie*  
 Both *Map*, and *Islands* of the *Mid-land Sea*.  
 We slowly *trill* amongst the *Watry Hills*,  
 Clogg'd with a *Pond*, on *Board*, might find some *Mills*.  
 The *Sea* bears us, and we beat up a *Sea*.  
 Of many *Towns*, to *Leiths Port*, *Custom free*,  
 We shake our *Ears*, *Hats*, *Cloaths*, and in a trice,  
 We creep on *Shore*, like *Water ducked Flies*.  
 That we scapt *Monsters*, *Maws*, and our last *Fishing*,  
 GOD, by good *Douglas*, gave us't with a **BLESSING**.

**DEO, REGI, & ECCLESIAE.**



